



Sylvester

THE MOUSE WITH THE MUSICAL EAR

PART I

Sylvester was a mouse with a musical ear. He loved the meadow sounds by day.



Soon down the big highway the city began to come closer. One day men came and cut down the lovely woods on the south. They put up rows and rows of houses. Now the meadow larks went away to sing and sing in another place.



He loved the meadow sounds by night. He would sit in his doorway, listening to the birds and to the crickets. He would sit, listening to the winds and to the brook. He would sit quiet, humming softly to himself.



And the city came closer and closer. Men came once more. They cut down the cornfield on the east and put up rows and rows of shops. The crickets went away to chirp chirp in another cornfield and Sylvester no longer heard the winds above the city noises.



The city came closer and closer. Men came again. They dug up the silver brook on the west. Now it no longer went gurgle, gurgle, with a musical beat and Sylvester no longer sat in his doorway humming softly to himself. He just sat listening to the zoom of the cars and the whosh of the trucks.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO SYLVESTER? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK IN PART II

On the north there was a little road where birds fluttered in the dust and made little chirping sounds.



On the east there was a cornfield where soft winds made music all day and crickets chirped all night.

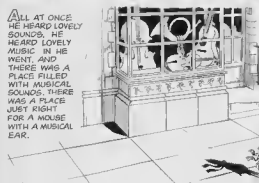
And on the west there was a silver brook that went gurgle, gurgle, with a musical beat.

STORY BY: ADELAIDE HOLL
PICTURES BY: N. M. BODDICKER
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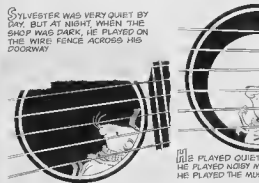


PART II

All at once he heard lovely sounds. He heard lovely music in his house. There was a place filled with musical sounds. There was a place just right for a mouse with a musical ear.



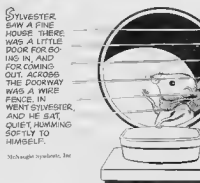
Sylvester was very quiet by day. But at night, when the shop was dark, he played on the wire fence across his doorway.



One day men came with a big bulldozer. They dug up the grassy meadow. They dug up Sylvester's house. They even dug up Sylvester. "I am no longer a country mouse," he said. "I am a city mouse. I shall find another home." And away he went.



Sylvester saw a fine house. There was a little door for soiling in and for coming out. Across the doorway was a wire fence. In went Sylvester, and he sat quiet, humming softly to himself.



People went by the shop at night. "Who is playing?" they asked. "Who plays music in your shop at night?" they asked the shopkeeper.



One night the shopkeeper listened in the dark. He was very quiet. Sylvester came softly to his door. He began to play plunk, plunk, plunk! The shopkeeper heard the music. It came from the guitar on the shelf. But in the dark he did not see Sylvester. "It is a magic guitar!" he cried. "A magic guitar that plays by itself!"

NEXT WEEK PART III SYLVESTER AND THE MAGIC GUITAR.

There were many places in the city. But no place was just right for a mouse with a musical ear. Some places were too noisy, and some places were too quiet. Sylvester went on and on.



Sylvester liked his house. He especially liked the gay music—piano music, violin music, and drums with a musical beat. Sylvester liked his doorway. He especially liked going in and coming out. When he went across the wire fence, he made lovely sounds plunk, plunk. He made music.



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CHILDREN'S TALES

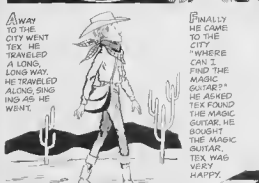


Sylvester

THE MOUSE WITH THE MUSICAL EAR

PART III

Away to the city went Tex. He traveled a long, long way. He traveled alone, singing as he went.



Finally he came to the city. "Where can I find the magic guitar?" he asked. Tex found the magic guitar. He bought the magic guitar. Tex was very happy.



Soon people heard about the magic guitar. They stood outside the shop at night and listened.



They went inside the shop by day and looked. But nobody would buy the guitar. Nobody would buy a magic guitar that played by itself.



Far away in the west, Tex heard about the magic guitar. Tex loved music. Tex loved to sing. But Tex did not have a guitar. "A guitar is just what I need," said Tex. Especially a guitar that plays by itself.



Sylvester traveled inside his fine house. And sometimes at night he would sit quiet in his doorway, humming softly to himself. Sometimes he was a city mouse. And sometimes he was a country mouse. But at all times, he was a musical mouse—a mouse with a musical ear!

NEXT WEEK A NEW STORY FOR CHILDREN

STORY BY: ADELAIDE HOLL
PICTURES BY: N. M. BODDICKER
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CHILDREN'S TALES

Willie?

PART II



BUT WILLIE NEVER CHASED ME TO THE OTHER BUNNY AND THE OLD BUNNY SAID:

"THE CAT IS A LITTLE MORE TOUGH. I KNOW THAT, BUT HE GOT HER THAT PUNCH TO THE BUTT."



BUT I KNOW THAT IT WAS



"FROM THE MOMENT WHEN I SAW THAT CAT, I KNEW HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO."



"FROM THE MOMENT WHEN I SAW THAT CAT, I KNEW HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO."



FROM THE MOMENT WHEN I SAW THAT CAT, I KNEW HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO."



FROM THE MOMENT WHEN I SAW THAT CAT, I KNEW HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO."



FROM THE MOMENT WHEN I SAW THAT CAT, I KNEW HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO."

FROM THE MOMENT WHEN I SAW THAT CAT, I KNEW HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO."



FROM THE MOMENT WHEN I SAW THAT CAT, I KNEW HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO."



FROM THE MOMENT WHEN I SAW THAT CAT, I KNEW HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO."



FROM THE MOMENT WHEN I SAW THAT CAT, I KNEW HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO."

FROM THE MOMENT WHEN I SAW THAT CAT, I KNEW HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO."

FROM THE MOMENT WHEN I SAW THAT CAT, I KNEW HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO. HE WASN'T FRODO BECAUSE HE WASN'T FRODO."

CHILDREN'S TALES

The Little RED HEN

PART 1

ONE SUMMER DAY THE LITTLE RED HEN FOUND A GRAIN OF WHEAT. "A GRAIN OF WHEAT!" SAID THE LITTLE RED HEN TO HERSELF. "I WILL PLANT IT."



SHE ASKED THE DUCK AND THE GOOSE: "WILL YOU HELP ME PLANT MY GRAIN OF WHEAT?" "NOT WE!" SAID THE DUCK AND THE GOOSE.

SHE ASKED THE CAT: "WILL YOU HELP ME PLANT THIS GRAIN OF WHEAT?" "NOT I!" SAID THE CAT.



SHE ASKED THE PIG: "WILL YOU HELP ME PLANT THIS GRAIN OF WHEAT?" "NOT I!" SAID THE PIG.



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"THEN I WILL PLANT IT MYSELF," SAID THE LITTLE RED HEN. AND SHE DID.

SOON THE WHEAT GREW TALL, AND THE LITTLE RED HEN ASKED: "WHO WILL HELP ME REAP THE WHEAT?"



"NOT I!" SAID THE DUCK. "NOT I!" SAID THE GOOSE.

"NOT I!" SAID THE CAT. "NOT I!" SAID THE PIG.



"THEN I WILL REAP IT MYSELF," SAID THE LITTLE RED HEN. AND SHE DID.

WHEN THE WHEAT WAS REAPED AND READY TO BE MILLED INTO FLOUR, SHE ASKED: "WHO WILL HELP ME CARRY THE WHEAT TO THE MILL?"



"NOT I!" SAID THE DUCK. "NOT I!" SAID THE GOOSE. "NOT I!" SAID THE CAT. "NOT I!" SAID THE PIG.



"THEN I WILL CARRY IT MYSELF," SAID THE LITTLE RED HEN. AND SHE DID. SHE CARRIED THE WHEAT TO THE MILL AND THE MILLER MADE IT INTO FLOUR.

PICTURES BY: J.P. MILLER
COVER BY: RUDOLPH
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NEXT WEEK: PART 2.
DOES ANYONE HELP?

The Little Snowman's Revenge

PAGE 2

FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END, THE SNOWMAN TOLD THEM THAT HE WAS NOT AN ENEMY OF ANYONE ENOUGH TO FEEL THE NEED TO UNDO THEM WITH ALL THE DANGEROUS WEAPONS HE COULD FIND. HE WOULD ONLY WANT TO GET HOME.



STANLEY COMPTON'S NEW BOOK, 'THE SNOWMAN'S REVENGE', IS NOW AVAILABLE FOR \$19.95. IT'S A MUST-READ FOR ALL WHO LOVE THE SNOWMAN.



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CHILDREN'S TALES

Ranaway John

by
John
Pyle

PART 2

So, as I was to go with my mother and
my father, we went to the store to buy
some food. The man at the store told me
that I was to go to the store and buy
some food. I was to go to the store and
buy some food. I was to go to the store and
buy some food.



"I'll run away from home," said
John. "I'll go somewhere to play
with. I don't want to be in
trouble."



Countrygo restriction play area

So, as I was to go with my mother and
my father, we went to the store to buy
some food. The man at the store told me
that I was to go to the store and buy
some food. I was to go to the store and
buy some food. I was to go to the store and
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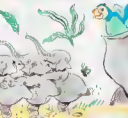


"I'll run away from home," said
John. "I'll go somewhere to play
with. I don't want to be in
trouble."

"Mother," said John, "I'll go
somewhere to play with. I don't
want to be in trouble."

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Next week, John's
father's friend's son.



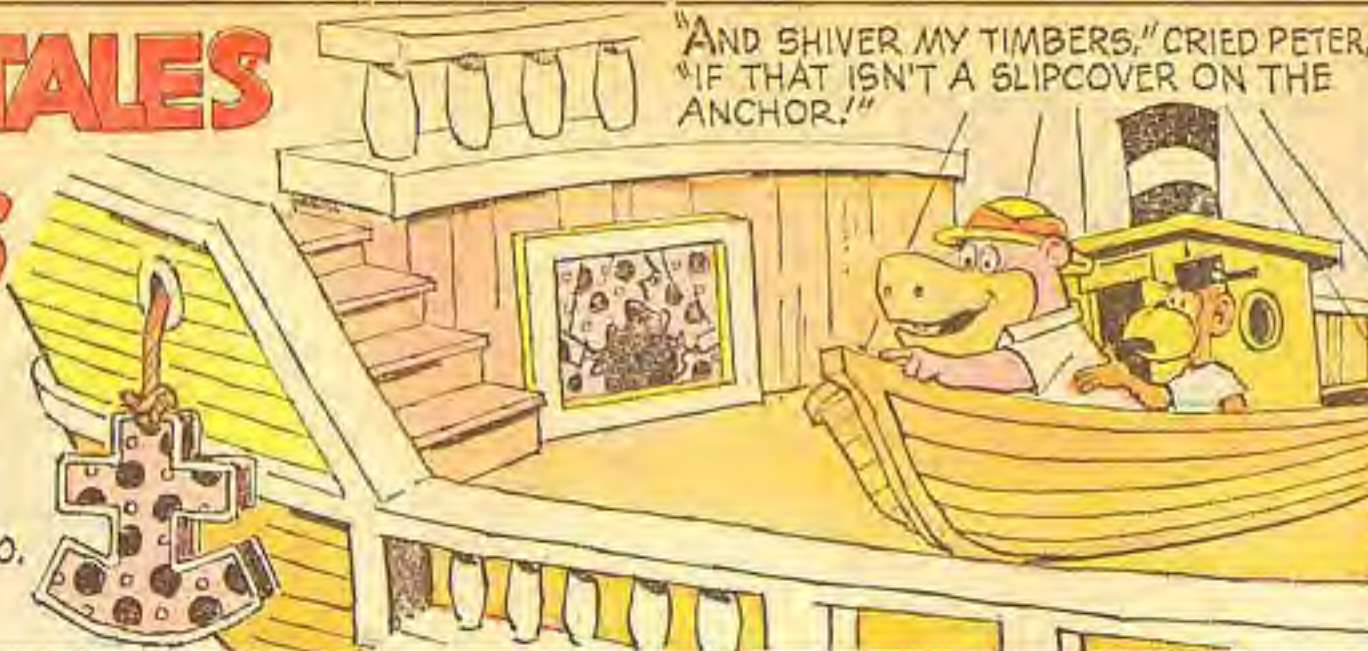
CHILDREN'S TALES

Hanna-Barbera's

PETER POTAMUS and the Pirates

PART II

WHEN PETER POTAMUS AND SO-SO LANDED THEIR TIME BALLOON ON THE DECK OF A STRANGE SHIP, THEY WERE PUZZLED. "THIS CAN'T BE A PIRATE SHIP," SAID SO-SO. "LOOK! CHINTZ CURTAINS IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN!"



"AND SHIVER MY TIMBERS," CRIED PETER, "IF THAT ISN'T A SLIPCOVER ON THE ANCHOR!"

THEY TIPTOED QUIETLY ALONG THE DECK OF THE SHIP THAT SEEMED ABANDONED UNTIL...



SUDDENLY A VOICE SANG OUT BEHIND THEM. "CAP'N GREENSLEEVES AT YOUR SERVICE." "PETER, THE CAPTAIN IS A LADY!" GASPED SO-SO, ALMOST NOT BELIEVING HIS EYES.



"I'M PETER POTAMUS AND THIS IS SO-SO. ARE YOU A PIRATE LADY—ER, A LADY PIRATE?" ASKED PETER. "I USED TO BE," SAID GREENSLEEVES. "BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THAT ANYMORE. I DECORATED THE SHIP MYSELF... RATHER SHIP-SHAPE, DON'T YOU THINK? COME MEET MY CREW!"



THEY WALKED TO THE WHEEL HOUSE WHERE THEY MET THE ROUGHEST BAND OF RUFFIANS THIS SIDE OF TREASURE ISLAND.



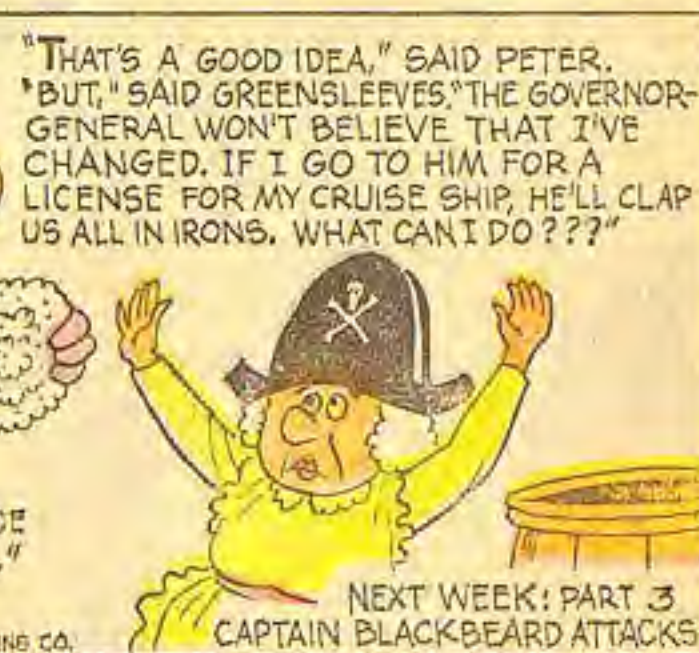
"BUSY MAKING ROPES, I SEE," SAID PETER. "ROPES!" SNORTED GREENSLEEVES. "HEAVENS, NO. THEY'RE CROCHETING DOILIES FOR THE MESS TABLE."



"DOILIES?" ASKED PETER. "BEING A PIRATE IS WRONG," SIGHED GREENSLEEVES. "SO I WANTED TO TURN THIS INTO A CRUISE SHIP AND TRADE IN MY SWORD FOR A PING-PONG PADDLE."



"THAT'S A GOOD IDEA," SAID PETER. "BUT," SAID GREENSLEEVES, "THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL WON'T BELIEVE THAT I'VE CHANGED. IF I GO TO HIM FOR A LICENSE FOR MY CRUISE SHIP, HE'LL CLAP US ALL IN IRONS. WHAT CAN I DO???"



STORY BY: JEAN LEWIS ILLUSTRATED BY: HOWARD FORSBERG
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NEXT WEEK: PART 3
CAPTAIN BLACKBEARD ATTACKS

THE

Once upon a time, there lived a king and queen who were very happy because they had no children. They had a lot of servants and many beautiful things in their house. One day the king and queen went to a fair.

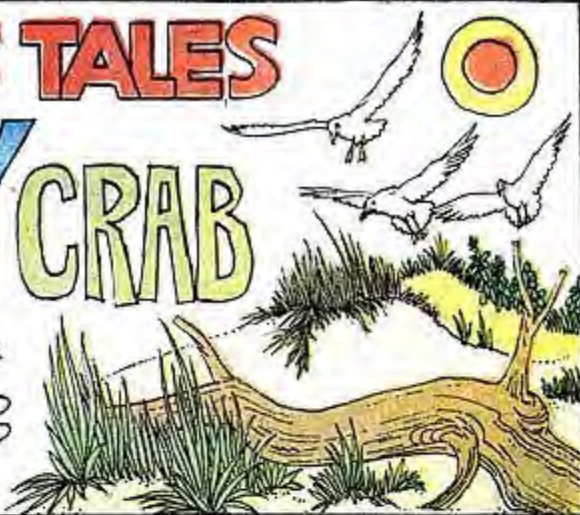


CHILDREN'S TALES

THE CRABBY CRAB

PART I

NESTLED UP TO THE SPARKLING CLEAR OCEAN WAS A VERY BEAUTIFUL AND PLEASANT BEACH. IT HAD DUNES AND GRASS AND ROCKS AND BIRDS. AND WHEN THE SUN SHONE THE SAND WAS WARM AND YELLOW.



BECAUSE IT WAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL BEACH, THE CHILDREN LOVED TO COME THERE TO SWIM AND PLAY.



THEY BROUGHT THEIR PAILS AND SHOVELS AND THEIR BEACH BALLS AND BLANKETS AND ALL KINDS OF FUN THINGS.



BUT ON THIS PERFECT BEACH THERE WAS SOMETHING TO SPOIL IT. OUT OF THE ROCKS CAME THE CRABBY CRAB OF THE BEACH. HE WAS A MEAN AND SELFISH SHELLFISH AND DIDN'T WANT TO SHARE THE BEACH WITH ANYONE.



6-6

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CRABBY CAME OUT CRABBING AFTER THE CHILDREN PLAYING ON THE BEACH. HE FRIGHTENED THEM AND CHASED THEM FROM THE BEACH. THE CHILDREN CRIED AS THEY LEFT IN A HURRY.



Stripper's Guide Scan

AFTER A WHILE ALL THE CHILDREN BECAME AFRAID OF THE CRABBY CRAB AND DID NOT RETURN.



THE LITTLE SANDPIPERS, THE CLAMS AND EVEN THE SNOWY WHITE SEA GULLS LEFT THE BEACH, TOO.



NOW, AT LAST, THE BEACH WAS A QUIET AND EMPTY PLACE... THERE WAS NOTHING ON THE BEACH BUT SAND AND SOME DRIED UP OLD SEA SHELLS... AND THE CRABBY CRAB WHO HAD THE WHOLE BEACH ALL TO HIMSELF.



NEXT WEEK: PART II
NOTHING TO CRAB ABOUT

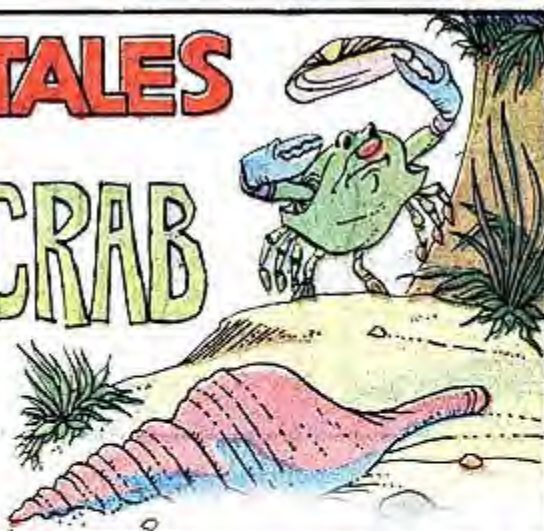
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK POLLE

CHILDREN'S TALES

THE CRABBY CRAB

PART II

NOW THAT THE CRABBY CRAB HAD THE EMPTY AND QUIET BEACH COMPLETELY TO HIMSELF, HE ROAMED ALONG THE SHORE WITH NOTHING MUCH TO CRAB ABOUT AND NOT MUCH TO DO BUT COLLECT PEBBLES AND SEA SHELLS.



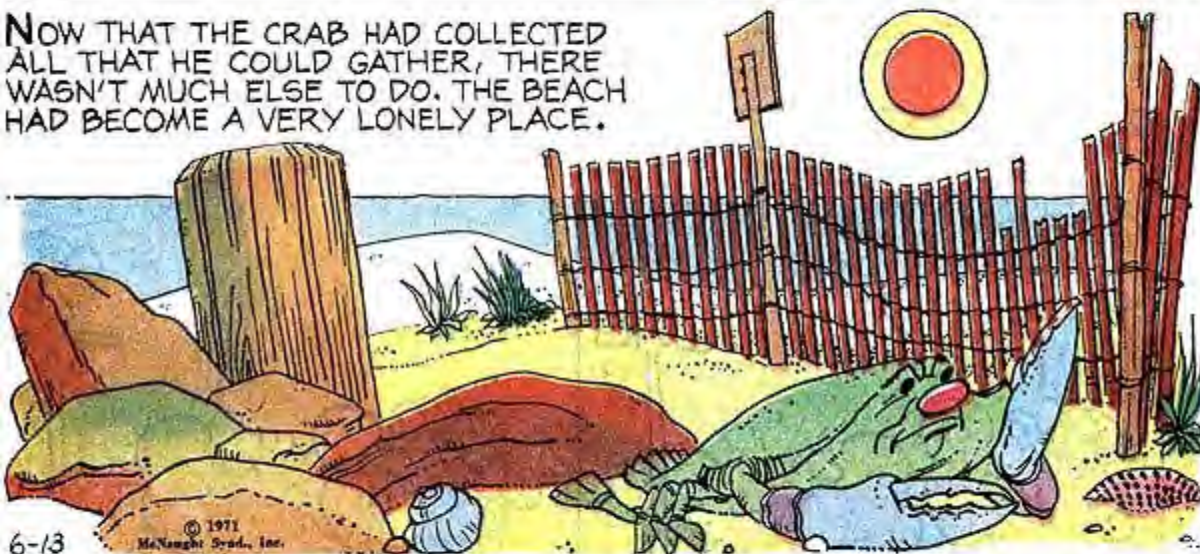
SO HE COLLECTED BLUE PEBBLES AND PINK PEBBLES AND GRAY PEBBLES AND ROUND ONES AND FLAT ONES. HE HAD JARS AND JARS FULL OF THEM.



THEN HE COLLECTED SEA SHELLS. FIRST HE HAD ONE OF EVERY KIND... SOON HE HAD HUNDREDS OF EVERY KIND.



NOW THAT THE CRAB HAD COLLECTED ALL THAT HE COULD GATHER, THERE WASN'T MUCH ELSE TO DO. THE BEACH HAD BECOME A VERY LONELY PLACE.



6-13

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CRABBY WATCHED THE TIDE COME IN AND THE TIDE GO OUT. AND THE WIND BLOW THROUGH THE GRASS, AND THE CLOUDS DRIFT BY IN THE SKY ABOVE.



SUMMER CAME AND SUMMER WENT. AND AUTUMN DID THE SAME.



THEN WINTER CAME AND WINTER LEFT. THEN AFTER SPRING CAME SUMMER AND NO CHILDREN AT ALL RETURNED TO THE BEACH.



THE BEACH HAD BECOME A DESERTED AND LONELY PLACE, WITH THE CHILLING COLD SALT AIR HISSING THROUGH THE WEEDS ALONG THE EMPTY DUNES. THE CRABBY CRAB HAD IT ALL TO HIMSELF. THE BEACH HE WOULDN'T SHARE WITH ANYONE... BUT NOW IT WASN'T VERY MUCH.



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BOLLE

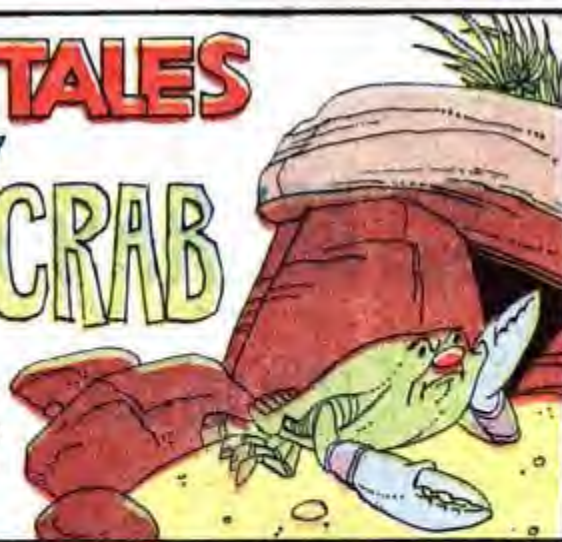
NEXT WEEK: PART III
A STRANGE SOUND

CHILDREN'S TALES

THE CRABBY CRAB

PART III

THE LONELY BEACH WASN'T FUN ANYMORE. THE CRABBY CRAB BECAME UNHAPPY. HE DIDN'T FEEL LIKE EATING AND HE DIDN'T FEEL LIKE COLLECTING SHELLS OR PEBBLES. HE JUST SAT AMONG SOME ROCKS AND SIGHED.



...LIKE THE SOUND OF CHILDREN LAUGHING. IT WAS CHILDREN LAUGHING. THERE WAS A BOY AND A PUPPY COLLECTING SHELLS AND A LITTLE GIRL WITH A PAIL AND SHOVEL COLLECTING PEBBLES.



HE SAW TASTY LITTLE MORSELS WASH UP ON THE BEACH, BUT HE JUST LET THE TIDE TAKE THEM AWAY AGAIN. HE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING.



CRABBY LISTENED TO THE SOUND OF THE WIND. BUT WAIT! SOMETHING SOUNDED STRANGE — A SOUND HE HADN'T HEARD IN A LONG TIME — IT SOUNDED LIKE...



WHAT COULD CRABBY DO TO MAKE THEM HIS FRIENDS? HE HAD AN IDEA. HE RUSHED BACK TO HIS HOME AND BROUGHT BACK SOME SHELLS AND A JAR OF MIXED PEBBLES.



HE OFFERED THEM TO THE CHILDREN. THEY WERE DELIGHTED BUT THEY SEEMED MORE PLEASED WITH CRABBY'S FRIENDLINESS THAN HIS GIFTS. THEY WANTED CRABBY TO BE THEIR FRIEND.



THEY IMMEDIATELY OFFERED HIM SOME OF THEIR LUNCH, AND SINCE CRABBY HADN'T EATEN IN MANY A DAY — HE ACCEPTED WITHOUT HESITATION...AND IT WAS DELICIOUS!



IT WAS ALL GREAT. THE FOOD, THE FRIENDS, THE FUN AND GAMES THEY PLAYED ON THE BEACH. EVEN THE GULLS AND SANDPIPERS RETURNED WHEN THEY HEARD THE LAUGHTER — AND CRABBY SAID, "IT'S SO MUCH BETTER WHEN YOU SHARE!"



NEXT WEEK: A NEW STORY